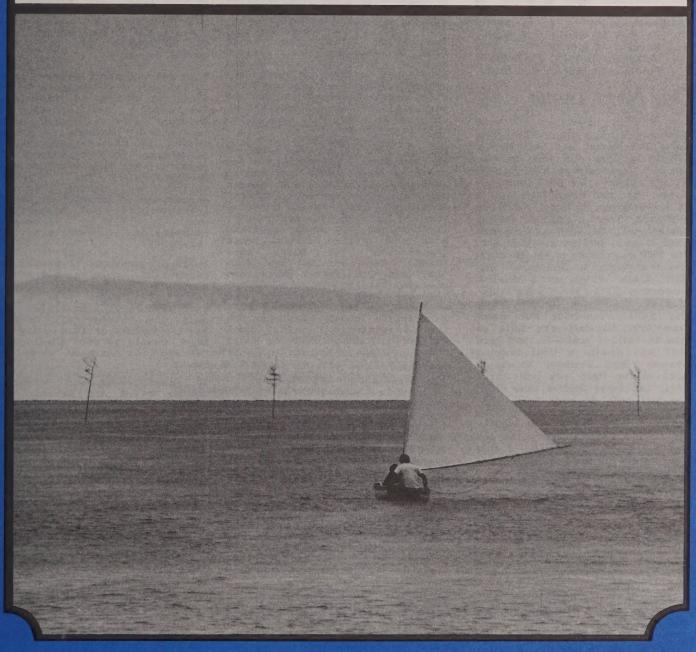


messing about in BOATS

Volume 9 ~ Number 19

February 15, 1992





BOATS

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Address is "Boats", 29 Burley St., Wenham., MA 01984.

Telephone is (508) 774-0906. Publisher & Editor, Bob Hicks

Our Next Issue...

continue Marty Cooperman's saga about "Ten Days in a Ten-Footer" and Gail Ferris' "Kayaking Excursion from Barrow, Alaska". Tom returns with "Winter Talk", stuck in the Dory Club on a winter day, and David Dawson tells of a revelation in "Local Waters, a Different View". Another Bolger design will be with us (haven't seen it yet), and we continue with the 1929 description of the Barnegat Bay Boat begun in this issue. And Eric Risch brings us a detailed discussion of the seven year evolution of his design for the "Echo Bay Skiff". Shoreside info comes from Paul Wagstaff who tells us how to build a boat lift; and Mace Bell who details a tidal mooring system. Gord Brannen shows us some of the fleet he's built since 1934, and Peter Spectre tells about the half model he made from Dynamite Payson's plans for the British cutter "Foam". Lastly, but lengthily, Ernie Cassidy brings us the year's longest book review of Walt Simmons', "Lines, Lofting & Half Models".

On the Cover. . .

An almost surrealistic scene from Barry Donahue shows a small sailing dinghy heading out "through the tree line" for a daysail off Cape Cod. The trees really are in the ocean, put there as "clam trees" to attract quahogs, and those aren't mountains in the background, but clouds piled high. Never know what you'll see going to sea.

COMMENTARY

GUEST EDITORIAL: Continuing my latest new policy of turning over this page occasionally to readers with worthwhile views to present, here's comment by Eric Risch about a recent guest editorial by Tony Dias. Food for thought.

read with great interest Tony Dias' January 15th commentary entitled: "Small Boating Is Part Of The Dissatisfaction With sumerism." Though I personally identify with his sensibilities and share his affection for small traditional craft, I take issue with his condemnation of commercialism, or by what he refers to as the "oppression" of "corporate consumerism." As a freelance small boat designer and former sales engineer for a large marine equipment manufacturer, I offer an alternative perspective based on my experience from serving on both sides of the boating world.

The marine industry, as viewed from the outside by the consumer, appears to be a glamorous and profitable business. Witness the glossy yachting publications, the slick advertisements and the parade of new boat models and accessories every year during the fall boat shows.

When I worked on the inside of the "Oppressor," I witnessed an industry frantically working to meet the fickle demands of their customers, insufficient (does this surprise you?), high customer service cost (because of the brutal environment) and limited market (most "Oppressors" are small companies). The standard joke was: "How can you make a guaranteed million dollars in the marine industry?...start with two million dollars." If this description sounds familiar to the traditional small builder, it is because the small boat world, with all its struggles, portrays a microcosm of the yachting industry as a whole.

The success of any business, regardless of size, depends on sales. Whether you build small traditional craft in a barn or composite yachts in a factory, you ultimately have to rely on the judgement and tastes of the buying public to fund your enterprise. In other words, in our free market economy, your customers have an opportunity to yote you in or out of existence every business day, (a lesson the mighty automotive industry is learning now) — so much for the claim of "corporate oppression."

As to Mr. Dias' assertion that we must "weaken the hold the corporate world tries to maintain over us through mass media and mass merchandising outlets," no amount of "oppressive" advertis-

ing can dilute the authority that every consumer possesses by simply exercising their right of choice in the marketplace. As ong as people choose to gaze into glossy yachting publications and shop in mass merchandising outlets, businesses will (and should) continue to serve them. If you do not wish to participate in that particular market, it is your choice not to buy their magazines or shop in their stores.

I too dislike malls, jetskis, Cigarette boats, the drone of their motors, the blue haze exhausted from two cycle outboards drifting over the water and the pretentiousness of racing stripes.

I too proselytize the virtues of small boats, their economy, their portability, their elegant simplicity and capacity for unencumbered fun. My own personal boats are a 12 foot wooden sailing skiff and two ultra-light wooden kayaks.

I do not, however, believe it is philosophically possible to both exult the spirit of individualism, which our small boat movement represents, and simultaneously condemn individual choice in the marketplace by condemning the businesses they support. The phrases "Corporate Consumerism" and "Consumer Culture" have become pejorative euphemisms of successful commercial enterprises and, essentially, any private "excessive" consumption - (excessive by who's standard?)

It is presumptuous to assume our birthright includes a guarantee that our own personal consumer needs and tastes will be met, that harbors will be filled with only the "historically correct" boats we adore or that only the nice smells of wood shavings and linseed oil emanate from boat shops.

It is, however, our right to design, build and market that which does not presently exist on the commercial market. We can also educate people in the advantages of small boats and the virtues of going four knots instead of forty. But if a small traditional builder becomes so lucky as to commit the "sin" of growing commercially successful, at what point is he added to the list of "Corporate Oppressors"?

That's the problem with dogmatism, and state religions, it's an attempt to control (by what or who's authority I ask?) that which offends our personal sensibilities. I personally would rather leave it up to each of us individually to make our own choices in the free market place, as any other scenario is too frightening to contemplate.



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A YEAR OFF FROM BOATS

I'm going to let subscription expire for a year or so while I get a street rod bug out of my system (I've built a T-bucket roadster from scratch).

Boating will always be my main hobby, and has been ever since I've been big enough to row the 12' cold-molded mahogany plywood boat we had 45 years ago. We still have it, by the way. My father, at 80 years of age, is fixing it

I have several other boats which are a pretty good cross section of this hobby:

A 13' fiberglass kayak. It's a white water boat but I've used it pretty much for basic paddling exercise in flat water for the past few years. Leave the rough stuff to the younger folks now. It has a removeable skeg to make it track better. I did get my daughter to show me how to roll it this past summer. I use this one several times a week in summer because it's quick to toss into the truck and take to the lake. No fuss.

A 15' aluminum canoe that I outfitted with a homemade sliding seat rowing rig and a pair of 9' spruce oars I also made. This is really nice to row but takes a while to set up.

A 15-1/2' 1950's vintage sailboat (wood) with wooden spars and a 1920 era St. Lawrence inboard engine. I did a lot of work on this boat and engine, it was described a few years ago in "Boats".

A 19' Hydra two-man kayak. I just got this last year and love it. My grandmother bought it for use over at our cottage in Canada on the Rideau Canal (she's 103 years old!). This is going to be great

A 15' cedar strip runabout made in the 1950's. I'm going to restore this one, my grandfather bought it new.

So boating's in my blood and I'll be back in a year or so.

Jack Hurt, Dalton, MA.

SERVES THOSE WHO LOVE SMALL CRAFT

Keep "Messing About in Boats" the way it is. It serves those of us who love small craft (or any size vessel with beautiful lines). I just can't refrain from proclaiming to the world at large that I've had small craft since my Dad and Grandad bought me a 12' flat bottomed skiff with a sprit rig and leeboard when I was twelve, and in the 66 years since I've owned 26 craft ranging in size from 7' to 33'. Now I'm back to 16'. Anyone endowed with a love for small boats, ships, and nautical lore should count their blessings.

I am now looking for a source for 1/4" scale fittings, anchors, guns and carriages, deadeyes, blocks, etc. for a ship model I've had around for a while. Any leads to a source would be appreciated.

D.M. Daly, 16518 Hanna Rd.,

Lutz, FL 33549.

GRAPHITE CLOTH CANOES?

I am an experienced white water and flat water canoeist interested in old wooden canoe history, in building an 18' solo woodstrip canoe that moves fast through the water, and also in building a small wooden rowboat like the 17' St. Lawrence skiff. In addition I'd like to know if anyone has information on solo canoes built of graphite cloth by Don Barton of Minneapolis, Minnesota?

Douglas Platford, Box 503, Pinawa, Manitoba ROE 1LO, Canada.

ECONOMICAL CRUISER

This past summer I bought a used 18' Siren sailboat. She has a nice size cabin and came well equipped with stove, head, running lights, a furling jib, 4hp Mercury outboard, and trailer. All for only \$750. I was delighted to find her.

When we had our first free afternoon and tried to sail her, I found that stepping the mast was just too much work for this 60 year old. So at the suggestion of my older brother, we tried her out as an economical little outboard cruiser. What a treat. On and off the trailer in moments. We enjoyed two short cruises, each of about three hours duration, one just off the Choptank River in Cambridge, Maryland, and the other off the Nanacoke River near our retirement home in Delaware.

I do intend to sail her when we have more time for longer outings but when we have only two or three hours we will just cruise with that little Merc, which runs for an hour or more on a gallon of

With the addition last summer also of a Brown Pelican sea kayak bought through your classified ads, my fleet now includes three sailboats, three kayaks and five canoes. We love company.

Dick Bridge, Westmont, NJ.



'THIS OLD MAN AND HIS SHIP

Messing about in boats, anyway you can. This old man has his little yacht, an Illusion 12 (remember those mini-12's?), named "Tititu U.S. 19", after "Nefertiti" which had the same sail number.

Fred Browning, Jamestown, NC.

I WASN'T AWARE OF THE LIMITATIONS

Thanks to Chris Kulczycki for making me aware that hard-chine boats have "performance limitations" that preclude their selection for construction by discriminating builders ("Designing Compounded Plywood Kayaks", Nov. 15, '91). I've built and paddled several flat-bottomed small craft of the bateau or pirogue model but was not aware of their limitations until now.

Perhaps my ignorance stems from my unfamiliarity with the round-bottomed genre. Not having rear view mirrors on my boats, it's been difficult for me to observe their performance underway.

I've never been out-performed by a round-bottomed craft using a double paddle in any organized race or informal encounter under any conditions of wind and sea. This includes round-bottomed doubles and boats weighing much less than mine that had substantial race winning records.

My intention is not to condemn the entire round-bottomed tribe with generalities, but to point out that there are wholesome models within any of the various bottom configurations. In a less defensive mode, let me compliment Chris on his kayaks. They are handsome and the construction technique is intriguing, fine boats in spite of the performance limitations of round-bottomed craft.

David Mitchell, 5204 Old Myrtle Grove Rd., Wilmington, NC 28409.

WHAT'S MY LIABILITY?

I am a small time contractor, self-employed and would like to build 8' traditional prams to sell. I have the Coast Guard registration number which will become my manufacturer's ID. I can add the required flotation and other stuff to the boats I build to meet marketing regulations. My big question, though, is what is my liability if someone has an accident in one of my boats and they decide to sue me for manufacturer's liability? I know anyone can sue anyone for anything these days, but is it my fault if someone puts a big outboard on my pram and goes out with two cases of beer and comes to grief?

I think many people would be happy to have a relatively inexpensive boat and never think of questioning its safety and performance if all goes well. But if they have an accident, even through no fault of the boat, where does that leave me, a one-man shop, if a lawyer gets involved?

Robert Wadon, 83 Oak St., Randolph, MA 02368.

NORTHWEST MESSABOUT WANTED

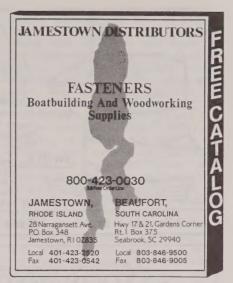
I'd like to get a small boat messabout organized in the Seattle/Puget Sound area this May or June. Anyone interested in attending or helping to organize it please contact me.

Tony McGarry, 2200 NE 88th St. #13A, Seattle, WA 98115, (206) 527-9285.

PENGUIN OFF A BRUSH PILE

We especially enjoy your articles about building small boats. We are currently building an ultralight canoe by Thomas Hill, but planned next is the rebuilding of an old Penguin sloop pulled off a brush pile. Any input from readers about the Penguin Class would be of interest to us.

Rick Pauly, P.O. Box 158, Suttons Bay, MI 49682.



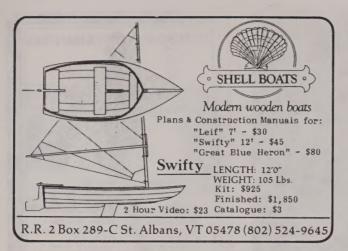
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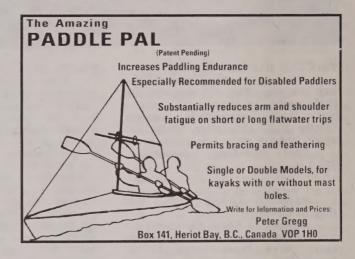
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Peter Spectre had this to say about the show in 1990 (WB #95): "The word on the waterfront was that this show was different, and it sure was... The exhibits were real boats, and parts for real boats, and services for real boat people, and the folks in attendance were real boat enthusiasts."

Canoes & Kayaks

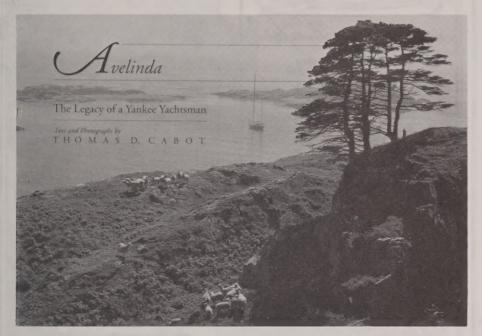
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BOOK REVIEW



By Thomas D. Cabot Published by The Island Institute

This 150 page softcover book grabs your attention right off when you see it, with its lovely color cover view from high atop a Maine coast island, looking down into a sheltered bay behind a couple of outlying smaller islands, where a single yacht lays at anchor. Just beneath your viewpoint on the steep slopes of the island stand two groups of sheep. No people. The fact that the book is one of those that is tipped over on its side, that is, laid out with its longest dimension horizontal, gives the striking cover photo that "wide screen" appeal.

The yacht is "Avelinda", for whom the book is named. She is a 50' Alden designed ketch owned by Thomas Cabot, who is the author of the book. The book is about "Avelinda", and about a half-century of the Cabot family cruising in her on the Maine coast, but it is also much more, as it is Cabot's commentary on how he came to appreciate this relatively wild coastline so much on these cruises that he eventually acquired over 40 of the islands and participated in the formation of the Maine Coast Heritage Trust, which has acquired much coastal land for preservation.

Most of the islands that Cabot bought over all those years were acquired at prices in the low single digit thousands, or even hundreds. Faced with today's valuations of these islands, it is fascinating to read some of his descriptions about dickering over an island with its local fisherman owner, tales that reveal his business instincts to be fair but frugal in

this matter, with purchases made for a few hundred dollars here, a couple of thousand there. At one point, in 1960, he was involved with banker David Rockefeller's wife, Peggy, in an effort to buy an island, the price of which had been pegged at \$850 by its owner. Some complications occurred, and what is almost unreal is how Mrs. Rockefeller went through so much high powered legal paper in order to finally own this small bit of land.

A first scan of the book give pause, for it is full of photos from Cabot's experiences on the Maine coast since right after World War I, and a lot of white space surrounds the fairly sparse text. It looks like it will not be overly informative with so small a part of it devoted to text. Well, at first it comes on like our uncle telling us all about his life afloat, an anectdotal discussion of early years afloat, getting interested in the Maine coast, chartering for a while, then ordering up "Avelinda" late in the Great Depression. As you get into it, this disarming narrative grows on you and you find it is more than just a family chronicle, the sort of thing that's privately published for family pleasure. By the time Cabot gets to telling about "Angling for Islands", you're hooked.

"Avelinda" was built in 1936 for \$8,500 by Harvey Gamage, who stated that the order saved his business. Cabot sailed her for nearly 50 years, only in the mid-80's did he finally "swallow the anchor" as advancing years (pushing 90) precluded skippering further cruising. He and his wife settled on Swan's Island in this "retirement". "Avelinda" was built

double strong, and was so rugged that in World War II the Coast Guard took her over and used her for ucebreaking in the Gulf of Maine. You get to know about cruising on her, but little more about her actual construction details.

Where's the charm in all this for us small boat folks? Well, the cruising in "Avelinda" stuff is anectdotal, and some of Cabot's recollections will strike home very closely to small boat sailors. Such as when "Avelinda" drifted off her anchor in a fog while Cabot and his wife were ashore on Butter Island cutting trails, and the subsequent hunt up and down the coast for her. Even though Cabot is a wealthy "summer person", he is characterized in the book by one local's comment, as "just plain as dirt". Obviously he got on very well with the everyday people over a half century, and his anectdotes are couched in a viewpoint you and I can easily share.

Most significant to any of us who appreciate what a marvelous resource these islands are for us, and the access to many now made possible through the Maine Island Trail Association, is that Cabot was a moving force in creating this island "preserve". All the islands he once owned, save for "Butter", which is still in the family, have been given to various conservation organizations for preservation in perpetuity as natural places. Many are accessible to you and I in our small boats if we choose to take advantage of them.

The book is an easy read, and you will linger over the photos, the old black and whites that catch the ambience of those earlier years of cruising the Maine coast, and the early color photos Cabot took on some of the very islands many of us today have already been privileged to enjoy visiting and camping over on. It is indeed a comfortable ramble through the author's memory, but what lifts it beyond the level of being our old uncle's reminiscing, is the historical impact this man has had on a resource only now becoming truly appreciated as it is increasingly threatened by our human intrusions.

You can buy a copy for \$15.95 (plus p&h I imagine) from the Island Institute, P.O. Box 429, Rockland, ME 04841, if you cannot find it in the bookstore you patronize.

Bob Hicks

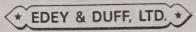
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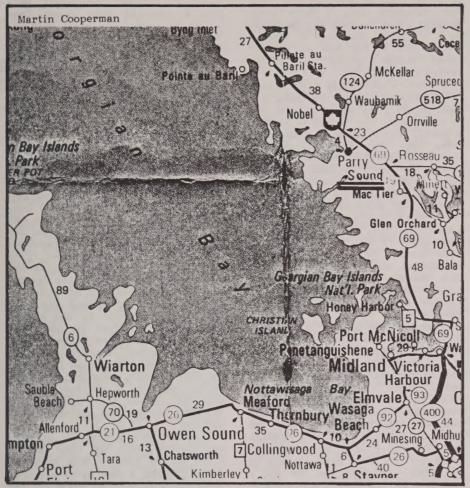
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Ten Days in a Ten Footer

(Mooching Around Georgian Bay)

"I grew to dread the nights and became depressed with the approach of early sunsets, after which I would lie down, still wearing my foul weather gear, on a wet cushion and pull a tarp over myself like some dreadful insect retiring into its slimy cocoon."

These were the words, from "Open Boat Across the Pacific" by Webb Chiles, that ran through my mind as I lay at anchor in Regatta Bay at some ongodly hour in the morning. I had just attempted to shift to a new position in my sleep when an alarm went off in my brain: "Don't do it until you feel for the sides." The sides in this case being the edges of the two pine boards, each 9" wide, that I had used to span the distance between the thwart and the rear buoyancy compartment a foot off the hull of the boat. I was now precariously perched on these boards within my sleeping bag attempting for the second night, in vain, to obtain some semblance of a decent night's sleep.

A foot above me was the blue, waterproof sailcloth tent, stiffened by thin fiberglass slats into the shape of a Conestoga wagon tent, quietly dripping the condensed

moisture from my body back onto my sleeping bag. I could not sit up from where I slept, nor even crawl about the boat. To get in I had to slither forward on my belly. Getting out required reversing the direction, leaving the small tent opening feet-first. This required an act of faith. Although I may have entered the boat when only ankle-deep in water, a slight shift off a ledge during the night could result in me plunging knee? waist neck? deep as I backed off the foredeck legs first, ground unseen. Who says sailing has to be fun?

Perhaps we should start at the beginning. A notice in the "Trailer Sailor" bulletin proposing a gentle cruise in Parry Sound along the eastern shore of Georgian Bay in Ontario brought forth ten intrepid boats and crews. The trip was for ten days. Georgian Bay's eastern shore is a wilderness interspersed with cottages but few roads. A motorboat is the standard means of transportation. The scenery is striking; spruce, pine, birch, rock and water. Thousands of islands, islets, rocks and ledges are sprinkled along the edge of Georgian Bay, which itself is big enough to be a great lake in its own right. One experienced small boat cruiser from New England called it the finest cruising grounds in North America. Navigation is tricky and the consequences of misjudgement can be a large hole in one's hull.

Wednesday, July 3. I head for Canada trailering my 10' "Chicken of the Sea". It is laden with sails, clothes and gear. It is also laden with styrofoam. Wrapped in duct tape, it is the unhandy man's way of making a tiny daysailer seaworthy. It looks like hell. It's the kind of craft Charlie Chaplin would have used as a prop for his character, "the tramp", had he filmed a boating story.

At the border the customs man is suspicious of the styrofoam, and envisioning his career launched with the arrest of a drug running boater, pulls me over, prodding and poking the foredeck looking for contraband. Finally convinced that there is none, he sends me on my way, duct tape flapping in the breeze.

Thursday, August 1. I launch "Chicken of the Sea" at Snug Harbor at a small commercial ramp. I am Marty Cooperman, probably the least experienced sailor in the whole group, but most likely to be the best read. While everyone else has been out sailing, I've spent the last decade raising little kids, dreaming about cruising, but lucky to get a rare weekend on the water. I've spent hours behind the chapter for every minute ahead of the tiller. Another consequence of the children is that my wife has not worked for that decade, and "Chicken of the Sea", at \$300, reflects the state of our family finances.

Rowing out of Snug Harbor I am confronted with a bewildering group of rocky islets. Regatta Bay, our rendezvous, is only two miles away but I am confused by the scale on the chart and the complexity of the landscape. My compass, a simple backpacker's model, does show direction, but how to judge distance? I must confess I have never really navigated using a detailed chart before. Lakes Erie and St. Clair, where I normally sail, are simple in geography and understandable to the eye. I finally land on one of the islets and the cottage owners kindly allow me to hoist sail before directing me to Regatta Bay.

Arriving at Regatta Bay, I encounter the rest of the group. Most sail on 21' to 25' trailerable cruisers, but there's also one couple on a Compac-16, having sold their bigger boat, and a fellow aboard a 19' daysailer, a Flying Scot, outfitted for cruising. Only one couple, the Hodgsons, has failed to arrive. Rumor has it that they are somewhere in Parry Sound with engine problems.

I unpack the boat. My gear is more backpacker than boater. My sleeping bag, foam pad, bivouac sack and spare clothes are sealed in a waterproof rubber canoe bag. My little one-burner stove and nested cook kit, are here, along with the usual ghastly camping food, that you see in the hidden recesses of run down supermarkets, which just requires boiling water to reconstitute. I have a few spices with which to flavor the mess, but food will mostly be for sustenance and not pleasure on this trip. The food is stored in a rectangular Rubbermaid container, and other miscellaneous gear in a second container. That's all that fits.

With night comes the challenge of sleeping. I have carried an anchor for some years now, but have never used it. So I drag "Chicken of the Sea's" bow up on a rock ledge. Unfortunately this tips it up in the air making it impossible to sleep onboard. No matter. I am in no hurry to try out the two 9" boards. I lay my gear out on a flat part of the rock, pulling the biv-ouac sack around my sleeping bag and the netting over my face. There is no support for the netting so I just push it away. No problems yet. But soon the most prevalent fauna of Georgian Bay will assert its territorial prerogatives.

I am shortly awakened by a slow droning hum. It is dusk and the insects have arrived in force. The netting has shifted as I moved in my sleep and it lies only an inch or two from my face. There, perched in all their hovering glory are a dozen mosquitoes, probosci extended, demanding their meal. They cannot reach my face through the netting, but they have me by the pysche. No matter how I try to ignore them I cannot return to sleep. I push the netting away. It falls back again. I roll over, but that only places an ear closer to their droning. Darkness falls. Stars come out. I wait for morning. The mosquitoes wait for me. I manage to sleep fitfully and for only a few hours. Mercifully, when I awaken near dawn they are gone. Only nine more nights of this.

Friday August 2. A day to gather and plan, sort and pack gear one last time. The word over the VHF from the Hodgsons is bad. The engine is still not repaired. I clamber over the rocks to chat with the others.

The fellow with the Flying Scott tells of his misadventure the day before; when sailing into Regatta Bay, his attention focussed on taking a photo, he failed to notice himself running into a buoy. Thinking the crash was the result of running aground and that he was in imminent danger of sinking, he panicked himself into stalling out his engine and had to be ignominiously towed into shore. It was on-

ly later that he realized how silly the situation was. I have often thought about using a big daysailer as a cruising boat and it will be instructive to see how an experienced sailor spends his cruise aboard the Scott.

After a mercifully brief dinner of hamburger helper (without the hamburger) I am waved over to one of our boats. The couple is hosting a party. Their Canadian flag indicates that they are natives; the rest of us are from the States. His accent is Nova Scotian. Her's is pure Irish. Their hospitality is royal. I step into the cockpit to be greeted by mussels in marinade, fresh crab and shrimp, a smoked whitefish, and lastly, Cadbury chocolates! I am a bit dazed. I have steeled myself for a rugged wilderness adventure and here is this degeneration already into a luxury cruise. But how can I disappoint them? I reach forth with both hands...

Emboldened by the lavish dessert, I decide to launch my boat off the rock ledge and risk anchoring it. With little faith in the two pound Danforth, I drop in the hook, shove the boat back, and pull. Eureka! It holds. Is that all there is to anchoring? I erect the blue tent, slither in and wait for the condensation to fall. Instant rain forest. I dare not move too much nor roll over precipitously in my sleep. An inch too far and I will fall off the boards and probably capsize the boat. I sleep carefully. But at least the netting on the tent keeps the bugs at bay.

Saturday August 3. I am up and breakfasted early. We are heading out today. I calm my anxieties with the thought that if Britisher Frank Dye could cross the North Sea in a 16' open boat I ought to be able to cross Parry Sound in mine. I am still nervous. My strategy is to get ahead of the others so when they pass me they won't get too far out of sight and I won't get lost. With no wind, I row past the channel markers looking for Canoe Channel, where I can either "go outside", or follow the small craft route. The buoy markings are peculiar. They do not match my chart. I later learn that the Canadians have renumbered their buoys, but right now I am certain I have lost the way. Fortunately the others are catching up and I join those going "inside". Suddenly I notice the Flying Scott under tow. He is having engine problems, and although I do not know it at the time, this is the last I will see of him. Frustrated, and not wanting to be a burden on the rest without an engine, he leaves for home. A loss for us all. If only he had a pair of 10' oars.

Finally the channel widens, we get a chance to raise sail, and we head for Kilcoursie Bay and the

home of Killbear Provincial Park and a pleasant sand beach from which to swim. The word over the VHF from the Hodgsons is disastrous. The engine is not repairable in time and they have abandoned the trip. We decide that the Hodgsons are fakes, that they do not own a sailboat, only a car and a VHF radio with which they drive to various cruising sites and make up imaginary engine failures, then leave us feeling sorry for them. They can't fool us. Two gone now, eight to go.

We decide Kilcoursie is too crowded with campers, and set sail around the next bend to Blind Bay. The wind has picked up and the sail is exhilirating. But, sailing "Chicken of the Sea" is disconcerting. There is so much gear lying about that I am always tripping over it and bashing my shins against it. The jib sheet has an annoying way of wrapping around the projecting oar handles or the anchor flukes or the rolled up tent. God help me if that ever happens when I need to release it quickly. One of our group in a San Juan 21 passes me under power, pointing to a wire in his rigging. A pin has come out and the shroud is dangling. Will we lose yet another sailor to gear failure?

Blind Bay proves to be deep and narrow with the wind coming right on the nose. I tack back and forth gaining a few hundred yards each time. It will be nightfall before I make it to the end. I drop sail and start the motor, which is in my case two 8' oars. I see the San Juan with the broken stay coming up behind me, rigging in good repair. Resourcefully, he has scrounged up advice and a spare pin, lowered the big mast, set the shroud up and raised it again. Good for him! But, like I, he cannot tack up the channel and as he slowly begins to motor up to me I don't feel quite so bad about taking down the sails. Until I notice something strange. His engine seems to be in a peculiar position for someone motoring. It appears to be up. And his sails appear to be drawing. It's amazing. He's actually sailing straight up the channel paralleling my course under oars. How can he do that while everyone else is tacking from side to side like mad?

Blind Bay is a disappointment, narrow with a deep bottom, and with cottages on the prime shoreline, and hills alongshore, there is no real place for me to set up the boat. I must get outside "Chicken of the Sea" to erect the tent and there is no place here to do this. Some, wary of the limited swinging room and too-deep bottom, counsel that we press on elsewhere, but inertia reigns. No one is quite ready to split up the cruise yet.

I am a bit desperate. No tent

and it looks like rain. I visit the San Juan and he graciously offers not only shelter but dinner. The shelter on such a big boat is welcome, but I am wary about a bachelor's abilities with food. I half expect to see a can of dog food emerging from the cabin. Instead, he proves to be a gourmet cook, putting together a wonderful Italian meal topped off with red clam sauce...delicious. When he was merried he got home earlier than his wife and cooked all the dinners. A good way to learn.

I notice another couple anchored nearby has a fiberglass dinghy in contrast to the rubber ones some of the others have. It is 10' long and it suddenly dawns on me that that little thing is the same size as "Chicken of the Sea"!

Two "natives" approach our group that evening. One fellow pulls up to the San Juan in a small motorboat and recommends two bays, Echo and an unnamed one near Pennsylvania Island, which he thinks would make excellent anchorages for us, and marks them on the chart. He is a jolly fellow and his humor continues as he attempts to get back to his cottage while his engine won't start. Another one! He keeps chortling and yanking the cord as he slowly drifts off into the dark. Finally we hear it start.

We are also visited by a fellow trailer-sailor who read about our trip but is staying here as a guest at a cottage nearby. He then offers to visit us at Huckleberry Island the next day.

the next day.

I sleep comfortably tonight in a regular bunk. Before dozing off I think of how dependent these people are on their engines. It is awful to imagine forsaking a cruise just because an outboard fails to function. The only engine that would stop me is the one in my car, I say smugly, having a 150 pound boat. Still, one is either the master of one's gear or its servant.

Sunday August 4. In a light rain the group splits up for the day. Some head directly for Parry Sound. I put on my bright yellow foul weather gear and bright orange life jacket and head for our closer destination, Huckleberry Island. It has a small dock, picnic table and camping area set up by the Ontario Provincial Parks. My start is early so I can get a jump on the bigger boats, but it nearly proves to be my undoing. I get such a headstart that I am the lead boat heading for Huckleberry and must navigate, or at least fake it, until the others catch up. But I am too far ahead. My little backpacker compass stops reading if it is tilted too much, a great feature in a sailboat. My charts are filled with islands, one indistinguishable from another. Ahead of me the islands merge into a solid shoreline with no visible exit. I look behind silently urging on the others to catch up quickly before I blunder into a wrong turn. They seem to be following my course and I hope they are navigating on their own and not just blindly following me.

I pull up at the small dock on Huckleberry. The larger boats cannot fit here and anchor a half-mile away. The wind is too much for dinghying over and we remain separated until the next day. Still wearing my brightly colored foul weather gear and lifejacket for warmth in the drizzle, I walk around the bend from the dock, stand on a tall rock and wait for the Compac 16. Soon they come into view and I wave to them.

view and I wave to them.

Their description: "We were following the channel markers while rounding the corner of Huckleberry when we spotted this very bright yellow and orange daymarker on a high rock. We had never seen this kind of marker before and assumed the Canadians had gone to the trouble of brightly marking the entrance to their camping area. The marker certainly was not on my chart. Gratified at seeing such an easily visible marker, We were then further startled to discover part of it moving as though waving to us. Had the Canadians developed an electric eye that actually picked up the approach of a boat and signalled to it? We'd heard their taxes were hight to pay for public services, but this was a bit much. I called my wife up from the cabin to have a look and as she raised her binoculars, the marker raised its hands in the shape of binoculars mimicking us, as she said, "It's Marty"

After tying up the Compac we busy ourselves and keep warm with the ancient ritual of fire building; collecting dead wood and using the Compac's nifty saw to cut it up. The saw consists of two metal rings which you hold with your fingers and a serrated cable stretched between them for cutting. It was described in a book by astronaut/test pilot Chuck Yeager wherein he relates that after a crash when the hospital's surgical saws couldn't cut through his special helmet, he offered them his survival saw. The saw works fine on pine and birch but is slow going on hardwoods. If only we could find some helmets lying around. Baked potatoes go in the fire.

Soon after we get a visit from the trailer-sailor from last night. He is with his cottage host aboard the latter's Precision 23 with their wives. As rain squalls near, we hop into the cabin. It holds seven of us with ease. Over wine and cheese we are shown photos of their dramatic trip to the Saguenay River on the St. Lawrence northeast of Quebec, for a whale watch. They encountered days of intense fog, severe tidal currents, a huge

chop, and only one day of beautiful sunshine on which they took pictures of the whales. The fog was so bad and so common that most boats in that area appear to have radar. The Saguenay is a rift in the earth's surface, and unlike most feeder rivers, enters the St. Lawrence at a depth hundreds of feet below the St. Lawrence's bed. The St. Lawrence is tidal there and the combination of tide, river flow and turbulence from the differing riverbed levels produces very rough conditions when these elements conflict. They actually recommended this for a trailer-sailor cruise but I wondered if they'd get many takers.

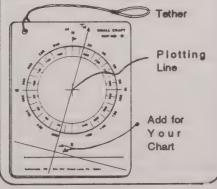
By the time the visit has ended, our potatoes are black, but we rescue them from the fire and find them delicious inside. This is but one of the many handouts I am to receive on the trip. Other trailer-sailors are also generous with their food and fuel supplies and are forever tossing me juice containers, pop, and snickers, and thus the subtitle to this tale.

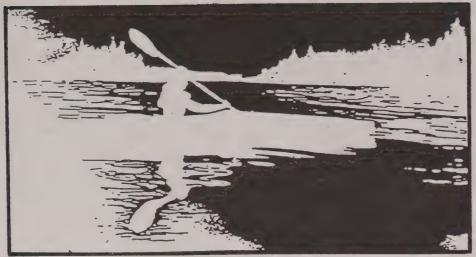
The couple on the Compac 16 are discovering the delights of owning a smaller boat. The wife in particular is finding out how much fun it is to try stowing all the gear from their old 22 footer into a 16 foot boat. She unloads most of the gear from the boat, apparently a daily event, in an endless effort to reorganize the storage. They vow to not take along so much next trip. Their cockpit cover is unique; a common bimini top on a metal frame is simply draped with netting and, presto, a bug-proof relaxing or sleeping shelter. They spend many of their clear weather nights sleeping on pads in the cockpit. For me it's another night in my rain forest.

(To Be Continued)

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other was the Beaufort Sea, and

There I was gazing out the airplane window as we descended into Barrow on a grey August day last summer. I had an idea of what the topography of the area would be but after the seemingly endless flying from Prudhoe Bay, I was surprised to find the tundra around Barrow a drab shade of yellow rather than light and dark shades of green. As we were coming in the weather report came over the plane's intercom, "winds from the west at 18 to 25 knots with higher gusts, temperature 45 degrees." It sounded as if a strong low pressure system was about to produce some storm conditions which I would have to wait out before venturing onto the water in my Klepper.

I had just returned from a trip on a wild river in Siberia (a group outing using catarafts), and had refused there to worry about things I couldn't control, like the weather. So at Barrow the first thing I had to do was retrieve my Klepper, which had been shipped ahead by UPS, who actually make deliveries to this remote community, and then find a suitable place near the shore to set up camp.

A kindly Inupiat woman, Edith Wilson, helped me call a cab, which arrived driven by a cheerful native fellow who felt as obligated as I felt guilty to get all my ponderous luggage into the cab. Then I dropped onto him the news that we were to go elsewhere in town to pick up MORE luggage, a BOAT in fact, which weighed more than I cared to remember.

With a pretended air of aplomb I then asked the driver to take me to some place near the water with some grass where I could camp and launch my boat from. He proposed a site he knew where locals camped to duck hunt. Emerging from town we drove out along a dark sand beach which I could see was narrowing to a point ahead. I realized with some excitement that we were actually going out onto Point Barrow itself, where on one side were the sounds of the waves breaking from the Chukchi Sea, while on the straight out off the end lay the great mysterious Arctic Ocean.

The patient cabby dropped me beside a lush mound of sand dune grass, slightly coarse and sharp, but much better to camp on than sand. I was so grateful to him that thanked him profusely with a generous tip as my disability makes it impossible for me to move my equipment any distance over land.

I felt I first should introduce myself to the nearby inhabitants, so I knocked on the door of one occupied cottage and was invited into a house full of happy adults and children, remarkably cheerful folks. I carefully explained to them my plans and that I would shortly be on my way once the winds had abated. In the hopes of again enjoying some seal meat, which I had discovered I liked so much on my previous Arctic trips, I asked to buy some, but instead they invited me to dine on seal with them that evening. It was the traditional Inuit custom of sharing and I was to realize here a long held dream to be among them and take a meal with them. I wanted to include visiting the Arctic people as well as the land and sea.

When I returned to my pile of gear, the wind had increased to 25 to 30 knots and the business of erecting my tent without having it seized by this wind and perhaps ripped or damaged was before me. I hoped as I unpacked that I had included my aluminum tent pegs for as I looked around I realized that there were no rocks at all, and very little driftwood, for holding down the tent edges. Mounds of sand would never do the job. Well. I successfully erected it with care, but was still concerned as the wind continued to increase in force.

My reason for choosing Barrow for this Arctic trip was because of its remote northern latitude, its Inupiat population in a small sized town, and the drier climate than exists further south in the Seward area, where plenty of storms and rain occur. I felt it would be more

A Sea Kayak Excursion from Barrow, Alaska

Gail Ferris

suitable for my kayaking and that the major problems would be the ice pack and polar bears that live on it. I had been informed that winds in the area in August averaged 15 knots from the east. Now I faced what was an occasional meteorological condition which could occur anytime. Since I could do nothing about it and was still adjusting to the change in time zones from my flight in from Siberia, I crawled into my sleeping bag and dozed off.

Later I was awakened by the voices of children playing outside my tent despite the wind and late hour. With virtually no darkness at this high latitude this time of year, night and day mean nothing to the natives. A voice outside asked if I was awake, and when I said yes, a bag of hot doughnuts was thrust through the tent door. It was going to be hard to go hungry in this neighborhood.

I decided to get up and walk the beach to see how the approaching storm was doing, and visit with my new friends who were outside in conditions which would keep most of us indoors. As I slogged upwind (for an easy return trip, as in the water) along the beach I noticed that the waves were not as high as they should be in proportion to the strength of the wind. I recalled that the Arctic ice pack was far enough out so as not to be seen in mid-summer, but that it was not all that far out, and could be brought back in by strong west winds. I had the feeling I would be seeing the ice on the Chukchi side of the point, it must have been the pack out there that was moderating the wave size, and I was glad I had planned for this having the east side of Point Barrow to paddle from, protected from the ice by the point and barrier islands.

On the beach I came up to an inverted umiak which had a new skin covering and some paddles lying beside it. The white skin was made from six hooded seal hides which had been meticulously prepared by six of the older Inupiat women who know the blind stitching technique required so that no stitch completely penetrates the hide to create potential leaks. The sewing has to be done in synchrony so as to evenly stretch the skin over the frame in three dimensions.

In the world of the Inuit, respect for tradition goes hand in hand with survival, the umiak is the most suitable boat for whale hunting in Barrow by the Inupiat because this craft can best withstand collisions with omnipresent ice floes. Its structure is designed to act as a shock absorber, with its widely spaced frames attached to a strong keelson, and the longitudinals attached to them by single point attachments. The one piece skin is fitted over the frame and attached only to an inner frame longitudinal inside and below the sheer, using a coarse lacing.

At the much anticpated meal of seal meat, I enjoyed the happy company of these people, and indulged in dried harbor seal in seal oil, chunks of harbor seal, and lastly boiled hooded seal. Seal meat is very filling and warming with its high fat content and I was happy to have it inside me with the cold windy night (sleep time anyway) ahead. We discussed our perceptions of being on the water in small boats and I was delighted to find these native people had a very realistic good image of themselves and were in control of their own world, with the past devastating effects of alcohol no longer a problem as it is totally absent from Barrow. I carefully interjected into the conversation my experiences paddling on cold winter waters in ice in Connecticut so as to allay their concerns about what I was about to do in my kayak here.

As I returned to my tent later I was met by other nearby natives one of whom, Sheldon, offered to set up a barricade of plywood sheets around my tent to shield it from winds now expected to reach fifty miles per hour. He brought them down in a truck and although I had thoughts about experiencing these winds in the unsheltered tent to assess its capability and design, I realized that if I wanted to sleep at all, the barriacde was a good idea. The night in the tent was somewhat akin to being inside a drum, or like early morning in New York with garbage collection going on nearby. I had no schedule to meet, and all night it was never dark so it was handy if I got up to check things out. I was glad I had the twenty-four hour watch because it became difficult to know what time of what day it was, with no sunset at all.

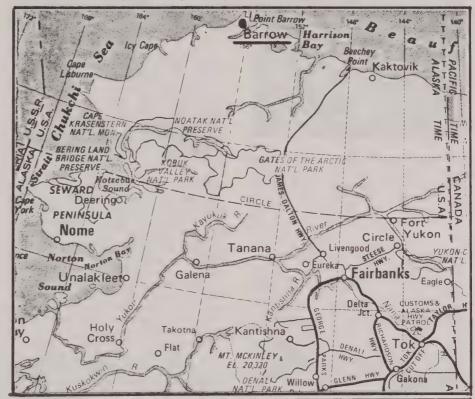
When I arose the wind had slackened somewhat and a profusion of ice floes that had been just visible on the horizon earlier had now made their way to the west facing

beach on Point Barrow. Grey ice against a grey sky heralded my new day. I decided to move my tent to a more protected grassy area behind another cottage after enjoying my morning cup of espresso. I had obtained water from my new friends as the profusion of ponds on the tundra are of poor quality and saline in nature, often surrounded by mud which is akin to quicksand.

Next order of business was at long last to assemble my kayak. All the pieces appeared to have survived UPS shipment to this remote spot undamaged, and piece by

piece it all went together without any problem. Now I knew that once again I could be on the water in the Arctic, my favorite water, the open water where the horizons are endless and where I can feel that special feeling which can only come from the dense cold water waves as they pass beneath my skin covered kayak. Today I would have to wait, with still 30 knot winds, and hope that tommorrow the wind will have decreased enough for me to start my trip.

(To Be Continued)



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brief requirements design when I decided to build my "Pea Cat" were the following:

Catboat type, looking traditional.

Car toppable.

Cute.

Self rescuing Capacity for one adult and two children.

Can be picked up and carried by one adult.

Exciting to sail, big sail, kids can sit on rail, hike out.

Some Points About "Peacat"

Not too fast, don't want to get too far offshore too fast.

Quick set up and launching. No plywood scarfs, buildable with 8' sheets.

I leave the boat on the beach at our camp, on its side, just tying the boom and gaff to top of mast, leaving sail ready to go. I carry the boat alone by picking it up by the mast just above the deck, letting the stern bounce along on the ground. The paint gets scratched up but the epoxy looks in good shape. The kick-up rudder and centerboard make getting underway very quick.

Last summer we did some cruising at our island camp. Put the double Klepper kayak and the "Pea Cat" on top of our island car (a subcompact with no roof racks) and drove upwind a few miles to Potter's Cove at the north end of Prudence Island (in Narragansett

Martha and Mary take off in the "Pea Cat", Alan and I try to catch up in the Klepper. Light winds, no chance, big sail puts



"Pea Cat" at its top speed quickly, Klepper has smaller sail area. But when the wind picks up the Klepper passes "Pea Cat" (17'x36" vs. 7'x54").

We land a few times, take big tacks upwind towards home. Kids don't ask too much when are we going to get there, they can see, and know we have to sail way down to the point and around up into our home cove.

Went back for the car later. Don Betts, Brooklyn, NY



Sixty Years Later

Ralph Eldridge

A fresh autumn southwest breeze was blowing near the entrance of Newport harbor as two sixty year old yachts danced around the starting line prior to the first of three match races. But these two were not slow dancing; they moved with the swiftness of adolescence and the grace of maturity. The occasion was the recommissioning of "Oriole II", one of two 30 square meter sloops owned by the Museum of Yachting. The other was the younger by six years, "Cythera".

"Oriole II" was rescued from the back lot of a boat yard in Jamestown where she was slowly dying from neglect. When Mrs. Sherman Morss, better known in yachting as "Sis" Hovey, heard of the sad condition of the boat her father, Chandler Hovey of Marblehead, had commissioned L. Francis Herreshoff to design in 1930, she entered into an agreement with the Museum of Yachting to have "Oriole II" restored. Work was begun last winter by the Museum's School of Yacht Restoration at Narragansett Shipwrights under the direction of Frank McCaffrey. A copy of the plans was obtained from Herreshoff collection at Mystic Seaport Museum to assure that the restoration adhered to the original

The recommissioning "Oriole II" took place on the 5th of October at the Museum's dock, with "Sis" Hovey sitting aboard reminiscing about the innovations that Herreshoff had incorporated into her racing yacht. She recalled how they had used a main sail boom roller reefing system during races in brisk winds in Kiel, Germany. The main sail was reefed when sailing upwind and then unrolled to take full advantage of the maximum sail area off the wind. On the next windward leg, the main sail would again be roller reefed. "Sis" further recalled how "Oriole II" was also the first racing sloop to hoist a foresail which significantly overlapped the main, a sail which was copied by other 30 square meter boats the next year in Genoa,



a sail since known as a Italy, genoa jib. And finally she told how, because the 30 Square Meter Class limited the length of the spinnaker pole, "Oriole II" had a larger than normal spinnaker with three ventilating holes that would fly without a spinnaker pole. This sail was eventually banned by the

Launched late in September and outfitted with new sails, what could be more fitting recognition of her new life than to race "Oriole II" against her younger sister, "Cythera"? Crews were rotated between the boats to give all members of the School of Restoration opportunity to sail aboard their restoration effort. With "Sis" back at the helm after nearly 60 years, "Oriole II" took the start of the first race and sailed to a close victory over "Cythera". "Oriole II" won the second race, again by a narrow margin, but "Cythera", skippered by Sheila McCurdy, made an excellent start in the third race and went on to win that one.

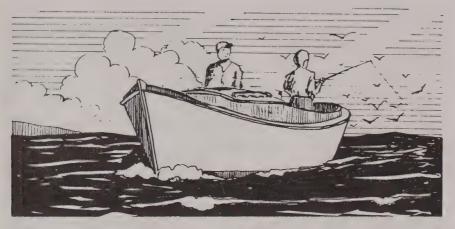
Crewing for "Sis" was both educational and exciting. Now in her eighties, she handled the yacht of her youth throughout the race with the same enthusiasm and skill as the younger Sheila McCurdy. "Sis" interspersed reminiscing about racing "Oriole II" in international competition when "I was a young girl" with her clear com-mands for each crew member in the race she was now again skippering. It was a marvelous opportunity for us to share with her this nostalgic trip back into the past glories of

yacht racing.

After the races the skippers and crews, race committee and Museum staff, gathered on the dock to celebrate the first match race between these two sleek, beautifully varnished, lovely yachts of yesteryear that will continue now to sail out of the Museum of Yachting. For this old dinghy sailor, it was a thrill to be long remembered, crewing on a real 30 square meter yacht sailed still with class and skill by her original skipper.

Below left: "Sis" Hovey Morss skippered this boat 60 years ago in international competition, and enjoyed reliving the experience. "Oriole II" at rest.





I could stop building boats, fishing and camping in boats, and loving boats, anytime I want to. In fact, I have stopped several times, not only to prove I could, but to recoup my finances.

I've never seen a boat that didn't make me stop and take a second look and judge its merits for a second or two. How would it be to go camping or fishing in this one or that one? Is it big enough? NEVER! Is it too expensive? ALWAYS!

What is it that keeps me interested? Well, part of it is the characters who you meet associated with boats. Like the guy in the Chinese sampan that was 150 years old, not the guy, the sampan. He couldn't get it to stay afloat so he cruised it on dry land. He kept it in a boatyard and would come and climb aboard and sit at the tiller or go below and sleep, or cook a gourmet meal for himself. He finally sold the old sampan and nearly had to go into therapy because he missed those cruises so much. I envy him sometimes.

I myself am not a boating character anymore. I am now normal, probably. Most of the time anyway. Now Milton was another story. He was a character and still would be, but he passed away several years ago, which ended his career as a character. Milton was always ready to try a new adventure and kept his camping gear ready to leave at a moment's notice. He was not the most coordinated guy, but he certainly was strong and especially enthusiastic.

Milt and I decided that a trip of exploration in the great Sacramento delta for three or four days would be new and different and forthwith began piling camping gear inside the fronts of our garages until the piles got so high that we had to either go camping or have garage sales.

The Sacramento delta is the gathering together of two of the west's largest rivers, the Sacramento and the San Joaquin. They both drain the Sacramento valley and the total length of the mighty

Sierra Nevada range. All this water

meets in the western/central part of the valley and spreads over several hundred square miles of the valley, and has created a great area of islands and channels which are not only shipping waters but also farming and cruising areas which are endlessly fascinating.

After winding all over the place, these two rivers get serious and join into one great river that flows through the Carquinez Straits, San Pablo Bay, touches Angel Island and Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay before escaping boisterously out through the mighty Golden Gate. The whole place is nothing if not beautiful and fascinating. Movies have been filmed there and John Wayne starred in one of them, "Blood Alley".

I have over the years camped and cruised nearly every foot of the delta and become so familiar with it that my charts are usually buried in my gear someplace unless I got into some channel that I couldn't remember. For this trip I proposed that we start at a place named "Frank's Tract", a place on the western edge of a large body of water that had once been a farming tract but had become flooded during a period of high water back in the "early days". Levees still break and farms still get flooded, and some of them are never reclaimed.

This delta was all deep water before the settlers and miners came, but hydraulic mining washed cubic miles of soil out of the Sierras and filled the channels so that levees had to be built to accommodate the navigation of steam and sail traffic that supplied the farms and mines. Soon the shores of "Frank's Tract" became dotted with boat liveries and marinas where fishermen could rent flat-bottomed skiffs to aid them in catching black bass, sturgeon, salmon and the ubiquitous catfish. To rent a skiff was very economical and you added \$5 if you wanted one with an outboard motor.

I owned an old 12hp that ran as good as a motor can run and we took along three 5 gallon cans of extra fuel, figuring that at slow cruise we could go for three days.

Boomerangs, Leaky Tikis & Old Flat~Bottomed Skiffs

Rags Ragsdale

The old skiff we rented was equipped with a cuddy cabin that covered only a fraction of its 16 feet, and would hold out the wind, but rain would have its way if it came. We would sleep shoreside anyway, so...

Our planned route was roughly circular and would take us 20-30 miles into the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers and the interconnecting sloughs, and then into a small stretch of the Mokelumne River (pronounced Mo-kol-a-mee), then back into the eastern side of "Frank's Tract", and across this big lake-like body of water to our harbor.

Several days before we were to leave, Milton asked me quite out of nowhere, "What do you know about boomerangs?"

"Strange you should ask," I answered, "I used to carve them for a local hobby shop. Why do you ask?"

"Oh, I've always wondered how they fly and return the way they do," he replied. So I began a short course on the construction and use of the boomerang. When we finally shoved off, Milton had in his gear sandpaper, a rasp, and a couple of blank boomerangs. "I can be working on these as we cruise," he explained. That's just what he did too. He sat in the front of the cuddy rasping and sanding while I handled the tiller and enjoyed the wonderful delta scenery and its bird population. Ducks, geese and every shore bird known to man seem to call the delta home. Milton soon had a perfect flying boomerang that returned every time he threw it.

We stopped at the old delta town of Locke, a community of mostly Chinese who are descendants of the early Chinese workers who were imported as cheap labor by the railroads and are the real reason that the rails got across the Sierra Nevada to link the east with the west. They became farmers and are highly respected as citizens of the delta. They still speak Chinese as their first language and they form the second largest Chinese community in California. Milton and

I threw boomerangs for a couple of hours in the park at Locke, and Milton's always came back at his feet. It was really a perfect boomerang. I wished mine would do as well.

As we started on down the river, Milton began working on his boomerang again. "Milt, you're messing with a perfect boomerang, you'll ruin it," I told him. He seemed to be almost obsessed with the rasping and sanding. Somehow the working and the sanding dust and the concentration seemed to relax his mind. Before our cruise was ended, Milton dropped a tiny piece of odd-shaped wood overboard with a puzzled look. "I can't understand what happened," he said, and never, ever mentioned boomerangs again as long as I remember.

Do you remember the halcyon days of the '50's and '60's? The back yard bar-be-ques, the mosquitoes, the dark evenings when you ate the crisply incinerated whatever? How about the tiki torches? Remember them? Kerosene smoke wafting with sweet aroma across the yard to bring exotic smells to your romantic meal? These torches didn't even make good lights. We thought they'd perhaps be more like campfire light on our cruise, so we included two of these torches in our supplies. We did not bring the poles to hold them as Milton had an old blue granite one-gallon coffee pot that he said would just hold the tiki torch and would keep the flame nearer to the ground.

The tiki leaked kerosene. It was a slow leak, a drip now and then, but a leak. So we included a quart of kerosene as fuel, and didn't add fuel until we were ready to light it. We only used one of them as it seemed to provide enough light, with the moon being the primary source anyway. Milt was right, the tiki just fit the old coffee pot. In fact, it was almost an exact fit, a fit that turned into a convulsion!

The breeze kept the mosquitoes roosting all night the first night so we never used the torch. But on the last night it was balmy and clear and the mosquitoes donned their napkins as soon as the sun went down. We soon had the tiki's smoke augmenting the smudge of our campfire. The meal resembled two windmills in a hurricane as we fought off the swamp pirates. We soon hurried into our sleeping bags to escape their ravenous little "soda straws". Mercifully, a breeze came up around 9 and the horde retired to the tree where they could have something to hang onto.

Milton and I always brought a bottle of wine to have with our last camp meal of a trip and we finished off the wine and then lounged in our sleeping bags across the campfire from one another in the tiki's

smoky glow. We had set the torch in its coffee pot stand just beside the fire and as the conversation

waned we grew drowsy.

"FFFWWOOOM!!!. white fireball flashed between our faces. An explosive concussion caused my ears to ring and I heard my voice, "What the hell???" Across the glowing coals of the campfire, Milton's face gleamed a ghostly white and his eyes were bulged and staring. Fear and puzzlement and a wide open mouth, a grimace. I knew I must have looked much the same. It had suddenly become much darker. What had caused that? Where did that tiki go? It was gone. GONE! The kerosene vapors must have reached the flash point. The top of the coffee pot was quietly smoking and the trail of smoky vapor was mute evidence of the direction the tiki had taken.

Oh Boy! What goes up must come down. Remember the old movie sounds of falling bombs? Well, I can tell you that the sound of a falling tiki is almost exactly the same. Like a bomb, it was impossible to tell where it would land. I threw my arms over my head and buried my face in the peat dust of the small island on which we were

CRUMP! The tiki hit hard not far from the old coffee pot launch pad. It had gone up several hundred feet, possibly 300 feet, because of the long interval that had taken place before we even realized what had happened. The tiki had performed a miracle by falling straight back down its upward flight path. Not one hair was touched on either of us and no damage of any kind could be found in our camp.

Grabbing a sock I heaved the hot tiki far out into the river. Its mate followed it the next morning. We decided then that the lighting system for any future camps would be of a more conventional nature, like roman candles or dynamite, something with a little more modern touch, maybe. Roughing it had its

limits, we learned.

When we returned the old skiff to the livery we kiddingly mentioned that they should paint the name, "Leaky Tiki" on it. The man says, "Why, that boat don't leak." We told him our story, but he looked at us as if to remember to not be so careless as to rent to us again. I think he saw us as perhaps escapees from the palace for peculiars.

Milton said as we drove away from the livery, "When are we gon-

na do this again?"

"I dunno," I answered, "why?" "Well, I never know what's gonna happen on these outings and I don't want to miss anything."

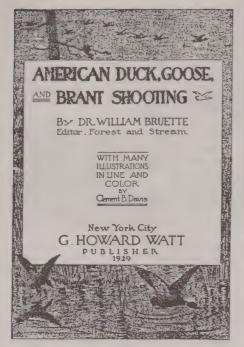
"Before long, Milt, before long." I was kinda curious too.

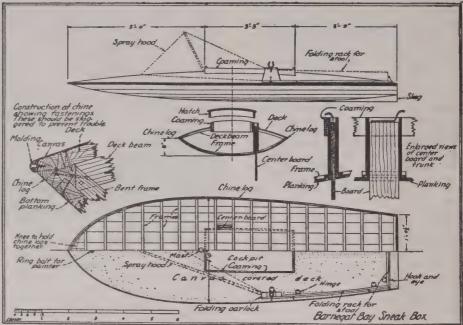


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THE BARNEGAT BAY BOAT

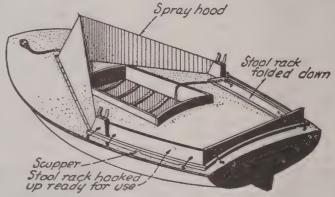
complete Instructions for Building a Type of Craft Representing the Highest Form of Hunting Boat

The Barnegat Bay boat or sneak box is probably the best known duck boat in the United States and justly so because it incorporates all of the features of the other types and in addition it has other advantages almost too numerous to mention, writes Mr. William F. Crosby, the naval expert, who has drawn the plans which follow for building the most useful duck boats in both inland and coastal waters. From the standpoint of naval architecture it is far ahead of most types and it is a fine sea boat, being capable of riding out heavy blows with the "crew" well protected by a canvas spray hood. In addition, there is a center-board for those who desire to sail and mighty sporty sailing these little boats make. The sneak box is well adapted for use with an ordinary sprit-sail, one of the simplest rigs and one which is highly successful. The small hatchway amidships is covered with a wooden hatch that may be locked in place if the hunter wishes to leave his dutile aboard for a day or so. The interior of these boats is snug and warm and many a man has used them for a night's lodging. For such work the hatch may be left partly on, thus giving protection, but at the same time allowing for a little fresh air.

The sneak box is 12 feet long and 4 feet wide. It is round bottomed and round decked, the bottom being laid over steam bent frames, all of which are bent to the same radius, 4 feet. The deck beams are sawn to shape from boards and have slightly less bow to them than the frames.

The requirements are simple and consist of 2 pieces of oak or pine, each about 13 feet long and an inch and a half square. These are the chine logs and represent the greatest amount of work. One of the detail drawings shows how these pieces are planed and chiseled down to a wedge-shaped section. Rabbets are cut, top and bottom, to take the decking and the bottom planks and the frames and deck beams butt up against these chine logs, being securely fastened together by galvanized iron nails or brass screws. The rabbets for decking and the bottom planking should be cut to the proper bevel and of just the right depth to let the deck and bottom boards lie in flush with the chine logs. This is shown in the detail drawings, together with the fastenings which, of necessity, are shown one over the other. Actually, they will come at separate parts of the chine log.

When these logs are nearly completed they may be fastened together at the bow end by means of a hackmatack knee and brass screws. Then fasten a temporary piece across, 6 feet back from the bow, so that the outside edges of the chine logs are exactly 4 feet apart. Now nail another piece across the stern so that the chine logs are a total of 2 feet 9 inches apart. It may be necessary to nail another temporary piece across, halfway between the bow and amid-



ships, in order to make the line approximate the one shown in the larger drawing.

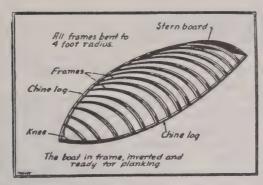
The next step is to secure the material for the frames. This should be of oak one half an inch by r inch or thereabouts. These frames are to be bent flat, that is, with the thinnest section up and down. In order that all the frames may be of the same shape, it is necessary to make some kind of a bending mold, something like the one shown in the drawing. This mold may be made up of r inch material and the radius should be exactly 4 feet to the top edge of the boards. If these boards are an inch thick, the radius will be r inch less for the end pieces.

The entire structure should be strong and rigid. Pieces of 2 by 4 may be nailed across each end and a piece of three quarters inch iron pipe fitted as shown at each end. Steaming timbers has already

n taken up in some detail but the builder should again be caud to make sure that the wood is left a sufficient length of time 'eam box. This will make it soft and pliable and it will bend easily without splitting or checking. The ends of the hot frames are slipped between the mold and the iron pipes and are then pushed down antil they rest snugly up against the mold. It is best to leave them there for several days until they are thoroughly dry and set. Some builders will tell you to make the mold a little more rounded

than the actual frames as they may straighten out a little when removed. If they are properly steamed and left on the mold this will not be necessary, but in any event it is not a bad plan to nail a light, temporary strip across their ends when removed from the mold.

The ends of the frames should be beveled to fit up against the inside edge of the chine log and secured in place, exactly 8 inches apart throughout the length of the boat. There are 17 frames in all with an additional one butting up against the stern board or transom to reinforce it and make the planking stronger at that point. If the mold is made large enough, most of these frames may be steamed and bent at once.



When all the frames are in place, evenly spaced and square to the chine logs, the next step will be to plank the bottom of the boat. This material will be 3% of an inch thick and should be of cedar although other material will do if cedar is too hard to secure. The boards may be around 21/2 to 3 inches wide and run straight fore and aft, tapering out in the rabbet which has been cut in the chine log. It is a good plan to fill this rabbet with marine glue or some similar material before the planks are placed as this will make an absolutely watertight joint. Marine glue should also be used in the seams between planks, but in addition, each seam should be Veed out a little and caulked lightly with one or two threads of cotton caulking or oakum. A brush full of old paint in each seam before it is caulked will tend to hold the caulking in place and the same thing applies when the caulking is smoothed off with putty. Do not, above all, caulk the seams too tightly because, if the wood is dry or if the boat is built in a warm room, there will be real danger of the planks buckling and coming off when they begin to swell in the water. This point is extremely important.

The planking is fastened securely to the chine logs where they come into contact and also to every frame. Either brass wood screws or copper rivets over copper washers may be used, the rivets being generally considered somewhat better. It is necessary in this work to drill a hole for every fastening, slightly smaller than the diameter of the rivet. The rivet is then driven through and a helper on the inside places the copper washer over the end, cutting off the surplus material. A heavy piece of iron is then held over the head of the rivet on the outside of the boat while the helper inside, using a light hammer, rivets the metal down over the washer until the plank is held tightly in place. Be sure of this work because a loose rivet will cause a mighty troublesome leak. Each rivet should fit its hole tightly for the same reason.

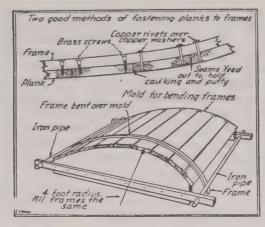
More and more small boats are being screw fastened from the inside of the frames through to the planking. This is a strong and good way to do the job and it has the great advantage that no fastenings are exposed on the outside of the hull. This type of fastening will also make it considerably easier if there is ever the necessity for changing a plank due to breakage.

The planking should be smoothed off and sanded down when complete and it should present a flush surface to the edge of the chine log.

The deck comes next but perhaps it would be a better plan to put in the centerboard trunk before this work is started. This comprises a small box located between the two frames shown, with a reinforcing piece all the way around the bottom and securely put together with marine glue and wood screws so that it will be watertight. The centerboard itself consists of a piece of wood just large enough to slip through the trunk easily and long enough to come about 18 inches below the bottom of the boat when it is down. It may be weighted with lead so that it will stay down. A piece of rope may be stapled to the top of the board and arranged with it that may be hung on a small hook when the board is

it that may be hung on a small hook when the board is or when it is all the way down. The board may be taken completely out of the well and stowed away inside the hull when not in use.

The deck beams will have to be somewhat deeper in section than the frames and will be made of spruce $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch by 1 inch. A master frame should be made, wide enough to go clear across with some to spare, and all the others are made to this curve. The radius for this will be 5 feet instead of 4, thus giving a somewhat flatter crown. Each beam should be sawn to shape and planed a little to make it smooth. It is then nailed in place on the chine logs. The



beams may be the same spacing as the frames but usually 1 foot will be enough for this work. The decking comes on top of the beams and is put on the same as the bottom, but it is slightly lighter, one-half-inch tongue and groove material will be about right so long as it will present a flat surface on the top.

The deck, when complete and smooth, should be covered with canvas. This may be laid in old paint, to make it stick to the wood, and it should be tacked down all the way around with copper tacks. The hole for the cockpit may be cut later on and the edges of the canvas tacked down between the coaming and the ends of the deck. A better way is to run the canvas up over the coaming so that the cannot possibly get inside the boat. When in place and tacked the hole, a small half round oak molding may be screwed to log, all the way around. This will serve as a fender and same time it will cover up the edge of the canvas.

e entire boat, inside and out, should be painted to protect it from the elements.

It is customary to have a rack rigged around the stern where the decoys may be kept when being taken out or in. This rack is made up of three pieces of wood, one on each side and another across the stern. They are all hinged on the inside in order that they may be closed down flat on the deck. The hinge for the board across the stern deck should be higher than the others in order that this board will lie down flush on top of the side boards. Brass hooks and eyes on the deck are used to hold these boards in an upright position. The blocks supporting the oarlocks are also arranged in a similar manner as shown in the drawings.

Usually there is a spray hood arranged so as to cover the forward end of the cockpit. This is made of canvas or khaki, tacked down to the deck and to the oarlock blocks. A light piece of wood in the center, with its lower end resting against the forward end of the coaming, is used to hold the peak up in position. A galvanized iron screw eye and a rope painter complete the deck work. The perspective drawing shows these things in detail.

A small skeg, down under the stern, will help to steady her and in the event that she is to be sailed, a rudder will be hung to this and the stern. This will steer with a long tiller to the cockpit and a traveler should be arranged across the stern deck to take care of the single pulley used on the sheet rope. By using a sprit sail, as shown, there will be no rigging for lowering or raising the sail as the entire thing will unstep and roll up. A head stay and two shrouds will hold the mast in a vertical position. The butt is stepped through a hole in the deck and a block of wood inside the bottom boards. When properly balanced, she will make a fine little sailer, but remember that if the center of effort of the sail is too far forward of the center of lateral plane, she will tend to blow off to one side, while if this is reversed, she will always swing up into the wind. The latter condition is more desirable and it makes a safer boat. By cutting out a cardboard pattern of the underwater portion of the boat, including the center board and the rudder, it is possible to secure the location of the center of lateral plane. This is done by balancing the cardboard on a pin. Where it balances is the exact center. Remember, this is only for the underwater portion of the boat.

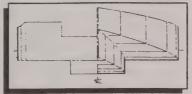
A cardboard pattern of the sail may be worked in the same way and where the point of balance comes, is the center of effort of the

THE STEP SHARPIE

The idea for the step sharpie resulted from trying to get around the breadth/length limit of the states class power cruisers (TEN-NESSEE, IDAHO & WYOMING). The laws of hydrodynamics being what they are, power sharpies will remain the most efficient power boats available. The drawback is that power sharpies get their efficiency from their extreme breadth to length ratio (over 1/5). There very long and narrow hulls have certain unavoidable disadvantages, not the least of which is the need to have a large building area for what is essentially a small boat. My IDAHO, being 31' X 5', is a good example; needing at least a thirty five foot shop to produce a boat with the usable area of a 17' run about. Enter the STEP SHARPIE.

The idea for a step sharpie is simplicity itself. Just mount

a fat roomy boat atop a narrow sharpie hull. To test the concept Bolger designed a small tender which he aptly named BEE. BEE Consists of a fat 2 to 1 beam to length ratio boat mounted atop a narrow 5 to 1 sharpie hull.



FRONT/BACK VIEW STEP SHARPIE

With a borrowed six hp, long shaft, low pitched, three bladed outboard (hardly optimal for a 'speed' boat) the performance of the diminutive 3'11" X 7' boat is phenomenal. Nobody who tried her had any trouble believing she made 20 mph without any obvious vices. She did especially well with the bugaboo of small boats, fast sharp turns. Both directional stability and maneuverability are extremely good.

The bee has two distinct speed modes, displacement speed and planing speed. At displacement speed she is dry and no harder



BEE AT SPEED
BOATBUILDER DAVE MONTGOMERY AT HELM

to power or row than any boat her size. As power is applied she has a distinct planing point where she goes up and over her bow wave. This is unlike the states class cruisers which produce so little bow wave that going over it is hardly notice-

able. On a plane she does not ride bow high like a deep V hull, nor does she have any tendency to chine walk. If you can imagine the sensation of climbing up on a plane then accelerating to 20 mph in a boat no bigger than your bathtub, you will get some idea of the sensation BEE produces at speed.

While the step sharpie is not as efficient as the states class cruisers, she is at least as efficient as a deep V, and much more practical. Her low speed performance is as good as any displacement hull, being well mannered and dry, without the nose high attitude and huge wake of a deep V. At speed she is well mannered and should take much less power per mph than a deep V, without the V's tendency to chine walk in the least chop. Because of the small planing surface she is also as comfortable at speed as the deep V's. (Actually, to my way of thinking, comfort at speed on the water is an oxymoron. Might as well try to be comfortable backpacking. Content yes, comfortable no.) To let my prejudices show, I have always thought that the deep V as a bad idea who's time has passed. Its major drawback is that to work at all it demands serious amounts of power. Truly a hole in the water into which to throw money.

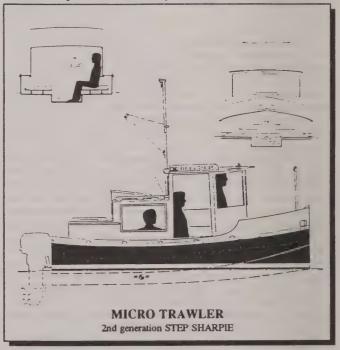
With the BEE working out so well one starts to imagine how the concept will work when scaled up. How about a 15' X

8' center console walk around fishing boat. Or a simple run about. These should get over 20 mph with a diminutive 25 hp outboard, and be large and comfortable for their length. Along these lines Bolger has sent me a cartoon for a 14'10" X 8' MICRO TRAWLER. This boat has two 6'6" berths (separate berths, not a V-berth!) a galley with full standing headroom, a separate seat for lounging, a steering

At speed she is well mannered and should take much less power per mph than a deep V, without the V's tendency to run bow up and chine walk in the least chop.

station with standing headroom and 360 degree visibility and of course room for that essential boating fixture, a porta-potty. Being well mannered and dry at hull speed, when you open the throttle a little and she will come up on a plane and skitter across the water at over 20 mph, safely and with little fuss. Why the mind boggles at the possibilities of such a boat. It is truly the power-boater's version of MICRO, and as such should, putting all delusions of grandeur aside, will be more than enough boat for 90% of all power-boaters out there.

BEE plans are available now for \$25.00. This boat will make a great tender with unusual high speed performance. Or build it as a thrill boat in which to run around the lake and confound the personal watercrafters. It is a good way to practice the somewhat unorthodox step sharpie building procedure before tackling the next generation step sharpie, like the MICRO TRAWLER. MICRO TRAWLER plans are coming along as quickly as can be expected for a boat Bolger is committed to getting right. When these plans are available you will hear about it here first.



From Bernie Wolfard's "Common Sense News", P.O. Box 91429, Portland, OR 97291.

Some Thoughts on Building with Plywood

I would like to start accumulating plywood for a large (run away from home) boat, to be built on a beer budget. Because of this constraint I would like to feel better about using exterior grade fir plywood, or else start saving for marine grade. So some questions

There is persistent conflicting advice. based on experience (1 hope!), regarding the use of exterior fir plywood in boats. For example, Richard Jagels, a forest products man, in a pair of articles on plywood in "Wooden Boat" (#56 & #57) concludes that, "I personally believe that marine grade plywood is worth the extra cost, even if external glassing of the hull is planned."

Supporting this view, Thomas Jones, author of the new book, "Low Resistance Boats", thinks it penny wise and pound foolish to use exterior plywood. In contrast, Dynamite Payson and many others won't accept the 150% price penalty of marine plywood and live happily (?) with the exterior stuff.

Would any readers care to comment on their experiences? How about some of the following questions and observations?

Both marine and exterior ply use the same glue.

They differ in the number of voids acceptable.

They may also differ in the quality of the internal plies. C-grade internal plies are juvenile wood, shrink much more longitudinally, especially apparent when the panel is cut. These may cup, twist, delaminate or pop fastenings.

But these are at their worst under changing moisture regimes. Can this be prevented with fiberglass sheathing? Exteriorly and internally? Will this be a solution in actual use, for 10 years, for 20 years, more?

What if full sheets are used on a large boat? Will there be less stress because they are uncut?

The gluelines in the ply are stronger than the wood itself. Destruction will be in the wood fracturing when stressed, or wet.

Exterior ply with internal voids may not bend fairly.

If water enters exterior ply, any internal voids speed its travel, promoting distortion and rot.

Does sheathing exterior ply with fiberglass and epoxy make this a moot point?

Exterior fir ply should be sheathed with epoxy and fabric to prevent checking.

I have seen real discouraging checking on my boat, even when plywood is epoxy coated, stress caused by sitting in the winter sun, and also at the tortured forefoot (worse over the years, is this the year to do something?).

Is the initial premium paid for marine ply recouped at the time of a later sale?

If true, could this make the whole discussion moot?

If you are being cheap, do not leave one surface of the ply unpainted. Water will get to it somehow, work from the back and distort everything.

The more plies the better, dimensionally stable, less warp, stiffer in all directions. Get an odd number of plies, avoid cheap 4-ply 1/2". Avoid 3-ply with thick middle ply and faces totalling less thickness than the middle ply. Unequal stresses.

Lauan ply is a useful alternative to fir, but might be avoided due to concerns about a lack of control of cutting in the Philli-

Any reader input on any of this would be of great interest to me, and probably to other readers also, or readers can contact me directly if they like.
Gregg Shadduck, 3508 45th

Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55406.





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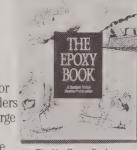


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What YOU Are Building



STRIP BUILT GUIDEBOAT

I built this Adirondack Guideboat during the winter of 1990-91 and took it to the No Octane Regatta last summer at Blue Mountain Lake, New York. The photo was taken on nearby Raquette Lake where we camped during that weekend. The boat has laminated ribs and the hull is strip-built of white pine with black walnut trim.

John Kuntz, RR 2, Box 28,

Rome. PA 18837.



SMALL BOAT FROM A SMALL SPACE

Living in a trailer park in Seattle, Washington, I only have a small 14'x6' patio space for a workshop. For my first attempt at boatbuilding I chose "Lark", designed by Ken Brown of Birmingham, Michigan, which "SBJ" featured in its July, 1990, issue as "Building Lark, the Four-Hour \$25 Dory". I think I spent closer to twenty hours on it including finishing.

The dory is 9' long with a 4' beam, and weighs 40 lbs. Rowing "Lark" gives the sensation of quick acceleration and speed. Sailing trials will have to wait for my nephew to grow another couple of

years.

Now I have a problem. I'm hooked on this building thing. I'm almost finished with the Bolger "Pirogue" and I have in hand the plans for Mac McCarthy's "Wee Lassie" and Bolger's "Micro Trawler", but I need a real garage for a workshop.

Tony McGarry, 2200 NE 99th St. #13A, Seattle, WA 98115.

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HOT PROJECT IN THE '60's

I have messed about in small boats for some time. Back in the '60's I built the boat shown being launched when I was in Kuwait. Temperature on the side porch building site ranged to 120 degrees by 4 pm each day. It was a very good sea boat.

Bill Bromell, U.S.S. Constitution Museum, P.O. Box 1812, Boston, MA 02129.

THREE FOR THE GRANDKIDS

I built these three identical boats for grandchildren as Christmas presents, and while I wasn't on hand when they first saw them on Christmas morning, I understand they were well received. The plans came from an article in the November, 1985, issue of "Cruising World". They are about 6-1/2' long and require only one sheet of 1/4" plywood, wood for the seats, and fiberglass tape and resin.

This is boatbuilding in its simplest form and provides the would-be builder an opportunity to get started with a minimum expenditure while at the same time creating a useful little boat that will make almost any youngster happy.

make almost any youngster happy.

A. Bennett Wilson, Box 380,
Topping, VA 23169.









MAY NEVER SEE THE SEA

A recent order for my shop was for nine of these Atkin style 10' skiffs, for a marketing firm, for adornment and perhaps never to see the sea. I am also doing lots of restoration work on "Chesapeake 20's", keeps this one man shop busy.

Rob MacAdam, Clubhouse Boatworks, 217 S. River Clubhouse Rd., Harwood, MD 20776.

CARTOPPER DID NOT FALL TOGETHER

I built this Cartopper, a Phil Bolger design, from plans I bought from Dynamite Payson. Despite its name, I found it difficult to place on the roof of my car by myself, so I modified a common utility trailer to transport the boat.

The plans and instructions were very good but the assembly of the parts did not fall together as Dyamite Payson predicted. His book on "Instant Boats" was very helpful for me in devising various assembly schemes.

I row the boat on the Piscataqua River here and find that it moves effortlessly. I plan to try a 4hp outboard on it this spring before I purchase the spritsail rig to complete the project.

Jerome Enot, 286 Dover Point Rd., Dover, NH 03820.

23

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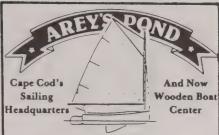
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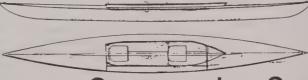
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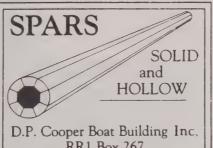
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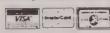




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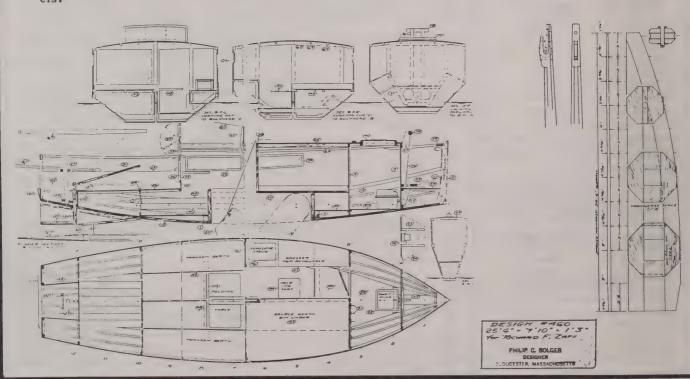
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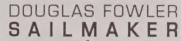
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